

Removal Sale!

I am going to move June 1st to the room now occupied by the Adams Express office, and to move all the goods we can before that time we will continue our

COST SALE
UNTIL JUNE 1st.

"Rogers Bros. 1847" Knives and Forks.....	\$3 75
Reed & Barton Sugar Shell.....	25
Reed & Barton Butter Knives.....	25
Reed & Barton Table Spoons.....	2 25
Elgin Watch, Silverine Case.....	5 00
Twenty-year Gold Filled Elgin Watch.....	9 00
Solid Gold Cuff Buttons.....	1 50

Don't forget now is the time to buy Sterling Silverware at prices never before heard of.

J. W. JONES,
THE JEWELER.

Republican District Convention.

The Tenth Congressional District Convention of the Republican party met here Monday morning and after a brief welcome address by B. W. Hall and the introduction of Hon. Fred A. Vaughn, of Johnson county, district chairman, who was glad to be here and on an occasion of the most vital importance, Rev. H. G. Turner, of the M. E. Church, South, invoked God's blessing, and a temporary organization was effected by the election of T. S. Kirk, of Paintsville, Chairman, and R. Lee Stewart, of Hindman, Secretary. After the appointment of committees the meeting adjourned and re-convened at 1:30. Resolutions endorsing the National administration, every movement without the slightest exception was passed, as was also the course of the Hon. John W. Yerkes. The temporary organization was made permanent. H. G. Garrett, of Clark, and J. M. Bowling, of Pike, were made district delegates to the Chicago convention. Hon. R. H. Winn, of this city, was chosen a member of the State Central Committee. Senator William Dingus, of Floyd, district elector, with Lucian Beckner, of Clark, his assistant. Delegates were instructed to vote for Hon. John W. Yerkes for a member of the Republican National Committee, and the counties in the State convention will cast their votes for ex-Gov. W. O. Bradley for delegate-at-large to the National Convention.

The county representation was good, there being present about fifty delegates.

Members of committees at Louisville convention:

On Resolutions—A. T. Wood, of Montgomery.

On Credentials—J. A. Wallace, of Estill.

On Rules—J. L. McCoy, Breathitt.

On Organization—G. W. Gourley, of Lee.

Vice President—Dr. J. K. Wells, of Morgan.

WHAT THE TYPES DO TO US.

Sometimes Bad Handwriting Is Responsible for Part of It.

The fearful things that the types make innocent mortals say are calculated to make the recording angel weep, but usually they drive the victim of their depravity to something more strenuous and lurid in the shape of language, says the Catholic Telegraph.

Here are a few examples:

A popular and prominent man in England was once called upon to address an assemblage, which greeted him enthusiastically and with cheers. The newspaper which reported the meeting said innocently: "The vast concourse rent the air with their snouts."

A MS. read as follows: "All these facts are really worth nothing." The printer, however, inserted an "h" into the last word, and it was thus set up: "All these facts are really worth nothing."

An enthusiastic editor wrote: "The battle is now opened." But, alas! the compositor spelled battle with an "o," and his readers said they had suspected it right along.

A New York editor once wrote an obituary on a man of some prominence, and among other things he said: "He began life as a legal practitioner, but was diverted from it by love of bitters."

An instance of faithful effort to "follow copy" occurred in a New York newspaper office. The reporter, who wrote a very bad vertical hand, put it down that zig-zag flashes of lightning played among the clouds, and in the proof it came out that "319,309 flashes" played among the clouds.

Most readers will recollect similar examples. There is the case of the learned reporter who wrote: "The bride looked au fait." It appeared "all feet."

Want Something Fancier.

Women seldom use religion as a cloak; it isn't fashionable enough. —Chicago Daily News.

OUR BROTHER.

O death where is thy sting?
O grave where is thy victory?

Life, a passing era, denies to death its sting, and to the grave its victory—God's will be done.

A gentle soul has left behind the cares of earth, and gone to a home in keeping with his life's builded hopes. The departed was as pure as a sister's devotion and as gentle as a mother's love. His name was an index to truth, his word a pledge, and his purpose honest. He came of a race of people honest by breeding, just by practice, and with hearts full of sympathy for their erring associates. Such were his home environments in young life. Nursed in a cradle of purity, and reared with the hope ever present in his bosom—"Nearer My God To Thee."

Association for forty years with him and family brought the writer in close contact with them. He knew them, as only the grateful can know the warmth of the fire side of God's people. He has known their pleasures and their sorrows. He has more than once seen at the threshold of their home the friendly warning: "Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door," which bring back to memory's fold the silent sleeper of the casket now resting in a new made grave in the city of the dead.

O death where is thy sting?
O grave where is thy victory?

Often on Sabbath mornings standing with him upon the hill tops of the home of his birth we have heard from the spires of your churches the peal of their bells calling upon God's people to come and commune together. As the echo from valleys would trace back the calls each sound wave would carry with them a prayer from the bosom of the departed. He was the gentlest man I ever knew. His death is our loss—God's gain.

He was named for and after a grand old man, Enoch Smith, whose precepts he emulated during life, illustrative of the esteem in which he was held in his adopted home of Jellico, Tenn. I was on a visit to him, and meeting a friend upon the street he made inquiry: "How in the world did you people send such a good man to live with us in these mountains." Such was the character builded by him in his new-made home, from the teachings and foundation laid in his infancy by that good old father and mother.

My friend and brother was born in Montgomery county, Kentucky, in the year 1855. He was reared upon the farm, was a faithful son, and an affectionate brother, and an earnest Christian. His first venture in life's career was to kneel at the altar of old Somerset, and pledge his life to the keeping of his God, and during it, he kept that pledge, and God looked down and cheered him onward in the pathway he pursued. In 1873 he attended college in Virginia and there completed his education. On his return to the home of his birth he pursued farming and so continued during his residence in Montgomery county. Intimately I knew him and his family for forty years. I never knew him to speak ill of any one nor to utter a cross word in his family. His kindness was such that each sister seemed to be loved better than the other. In 1882 he married Miss Emma C. Crouch and with her he shared the pleasures and sorrows of life. Often has he said to the writer, that with his troubles he could not have borne them had it not been for the cheer and comfort of his devoted wife.

The announcement of his death brought forth from this community regardless of race, color or condition, an universal chorus of sorrow. The funeral cortege that followed him to his last resting place marked the esteem in which he was held. He has gone, yet he has left with us the recollection of a neighbor, a friend and a brother that few who may follow can leave.

For thirty years I was closely associated with him in business. I never knew him to utter an oath. I never knew him to resort to a

subterfuge, and I never knew him to avoid a duty. I knew our brother as few men knew him.

For whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth."

God laid heavenly his hand upon the happy household of this young father and mother, and sorrowed their lives, yet cemented them close to him. Within ten days death's ruthless hand swept from their home their three children. Their fair daughter, Minnie, was called on February 17th, '90. Their eldest, Mattie Mitchell, on February 26th, '90, and their youngest, little Henrietta, on February 27th, '90. They rest in one bed with its green coverlet in their silent home in Machpelah Cemetery. Father and mother forced from their loved ones resting in the city of the dead, sought comfort in the grace of God, new surroundings, and in their own companionship. Time sped on and the sorrows of their young life were softened by the vicissitudes of the world, until 1893 when they removed to Jellico, Tenn., and there financial prosperity lent its aid, and God coming to their rescue, brightened their home in the spring of 1900 by the birth of little Milton. The curtains were then drawn back, the crape was cast off and sunshine gleamed its way over the threshold of their newly made home, and they were living life over again. Yet the Lord scourgeth those he loveth, and in May 3 years after little Milton's birth, the sunshine receded from their home, and their only child was called from the home of its parents and winged its way to a home beyond the skies. His body rests with his sisters in Machpelah, his soul with them above. Yet the loss was more than the father could bear. The burden was too heavy, and he traveled from home to find relief. God pitied him and watched his wanderings over the spacious plains of the far West, and on Monday morning, April 25th, 1904, called him up above to meet his little ones hanging over the parapets of Heaven awaiting his coming. Thus ended the life of Enoch Smith Jameson in the 49th year of his age.

Gathered with relatives and friends around his grave to see the last of our departed brother, a sense of love went out to those who paid their last tribute to his memory. Especially did my heart lean down to the pillow placed at the head of his grave by the wish of the members of the Christian Church of Jellico (his new-made home) and engraven with violet colored letters of immortelles—"To Our Brother in Christ."

Well do I remember the day he gave up earthly hope, it was the 5th of May past. He was standing over the grave of his last child—little Milton. With pathetic bursts of sorrow his hopes were buried with his only child—from that day to the day of his death. He gave up all hope of happiness here and looked to a throne above for comfort.

If there be choice seats in Heaven one has been set apart awaiting his coming. Whilst he has left earth he has gone to another home to meet father and mother, brother and sisters, and cradle within his embrace little Mattie, Minnie, Henrietta and Milton, and around the throne on high join with them in one anthem—"Nearer My God To Thee."

Numberless friends with pathetic feeling garlanded his grave with flowers of affection and watered it with tears of love.

Were I as good as I knew Smith Jameson to be I would welcome a call this moment.

An humble miner, when he heard of the death of our brother, as a silent tear stole down his cheek, said: "His home was one to which I could go, and be at home. He loved all of us."

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These are great values—all wool, 40 inches wide, in all the season's new shades—Cream, Tan, Navy, Champagne, Gray and Black. Just one value from a stock filled with the best Dress Goods Bargains we have ever shown.

SILK AND WOOL CREPE—The soft, clinging fabrics that appeal to prominent dressers, in the season's effective shades—\$1.00 and \$1.25 per yard.

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Beautifully lustrous and bewitchingly

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This week's showing embraces many beautiful textures.

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Linen Suitings are very strong, plain and fancy weaves, foreign and domestic productions—25c up.

SPECIALS—Something of interest—Fast colored Cotton Suitings, Boucle Etamines, Grecian Voiles, at only 15c.

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The new soft finish printed Wash Fabrics are the craze in the East. Our collection is an exclusive showing—Prices 25c and 50c.

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LADIES' TAILORING—Madam Walker will take pleasure in showing the beautiful designs brought with her from the East.

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AS YEARS ROLL ON

♦ ♦ THE MEMORIAL ♦ ♦

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♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

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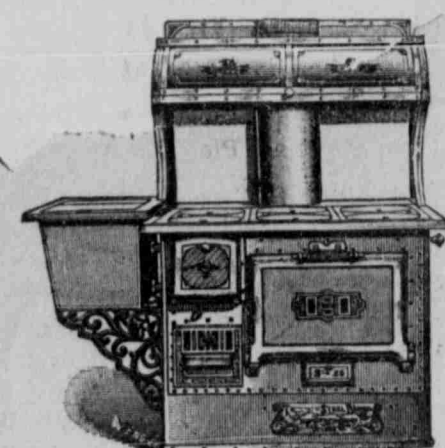
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